

## THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

### Three Wishes

An infant in its cradle slept,  
And it its sleep it smiled—  
And one by one three women knelt  
To kiss the fair-haired child;  
And each thought of the days to  
be  
And breathed a prayer half sil-  
ently.

One poured her love on many lives,  
But knew love's toil and care;  
Its burdens oft had been to her  
A heavy weight to bear.  
She stooped and murmured lov-  
ingly:  
"Not hardened hands, dear child,  
for thee."

One had not known the burdened  
hands,  
But knew the empty heart:  
At life's rich banquet she had sat,  
An unfed guest, apart.  
"Oh, not," she whispered tend-  
erly,  
"An empty heart, dear child, for  
thee."

And one was old; she had known  
care.  
She had known loneliness;  
She knew God leads us by no path  
His presence cannot bless.  
She smiled, and murmured, trust-  
fully:  
"God's will, God's will, dear child,  
for thee."  
—British Weekly.

### The Tyranny of Trivial Things.

The great emotional experiences of  
life are belittled by the same insis-  
tence upon the trivial. Life and love  
look into each other's eye; a man  
and woman elect each other from all  
the world; but the joyful solemnity  
of marriage is ruffled by the details  
of the wedding, perhaps by family  
squabble over flowers and gowns and  
invitations! Or great death comes in  
at the door and the little human  
soul, overwhelmed with grief, ap-  
palled by the sudden opening of Eter-  
nity before its eyes, yet fuses (there  
is no other word for it) over "mourn-  
ing" over the width of the hem of the  
veil, or the question of crepe buttons  
or dull jet! This may be shocking,  
mournful or ludicrous as one happens  
to look at it, but it is certainly uncivil-  
ized.—Margaret Deland, in Harper's  
Bazar.

### Summer Sickness.

"There would be less summer sick-  
ness if people would be more careful  
about their diet," said an old phy-  
sician.

"Most persons eat too many unripe  
vegetables. Cholera morbus is traced  
directly to green fruit or vegetables  
that are not matured, and bad livers  
are often the result of imprudence.  
If one will only stick to proper food  
and drink lemon or lime juice every  
day there will be little trouble with  
the liver."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### One Secret of Success.

A prominent man, writing a spec-  
ial message to young people, said:  
"Begin right, and right away," is  
a motto which would have saved many  
a youth from disaster. Nothing is  
more delusive than delay. I have  
known more people come to grief  
through procrastination, indolence,  
and dillydallying, than from almost  
anything else. There is nothing else  
quite so destructive to the energy  
which does things, or which so par-  
alyzes the executive faculties as a  
habit of dawdling.

"The only possible corrective of it  
is to determine stoutly to begin, on  
the instant, the task before you.  
Every moment's delay makes it hard-

er to start. It is the beginning which  
is difficult. If dawdlers could only  
once be set in motion, many of them  
would run awhile; but they lack the  
power of initiative.

"Shun the fatal habit of 'putting off,'  
as you would a temptation to crime.  
The moment you feel the temptation  
to dawdle come upon you, jump up,  
and then go with all your might at the  
most difficult thing you have to do."—  
Ram's Horn.

### Tomatoes Stuffed With Rice.

Take large smooth tomatoes, cut  
out of the stem end a piece as large  
as a dollar. With a spoon scoop out  
inside, not too deep and fill this  
cavity with the following: One-half  
cup of rice, boiled No. 2; one-half cup  
cold chicken chopped very fine; a  
tablespoonful of onions, fried in a  
tablespoonful of butter; and a little  
parsley. Bind these with a well beaten  
egg; season with salt and pepper and  
bake in an oven twenty minutes. Broil  
pork chops nicely; place on a hot plat-  
ter and arrange the stuffed tomatoes  
around the outside. Pour over the  
gravy from both dishes and serve at  
once.—S. P. R. R., Rice Cook Book.

### Rhubarb.

Wash and cut in small pieces one  
pound of fresh rhubarb. Put in a bak-  
ing dish with one cup of sugar, a cup  
of water, the thinnest possible shaving  
of lemon peel. Put two tablespoons  
of gelatine to soak in cold water, and  
then dissolve it in a little hot water.  
Add to the rhubarb with a tablespoon  
of lemon juice. Pour into a mould  
and let it harden on the ice. Serve  
with whipped cream.—The Household.

### Cooling the House.

Heavy portieres and carpets should  
be cleaned and packed away, and  
everything suggesting heat should be  
put out of sight. The floors should be  
stained or covered with matting and  
a few choice rugs. Heavily upholster-  
ed chairs may be stored in some un-  
used room and rattan or cane furni-  
ture substituted. As glass is a great  
radiator of heat, outside shutters or  
awnings will be found worth many  
times their cost. If red or yellow  
shades have been used during the win-  
ter, they should be taken down, care-  
fully wiped, rolled and tied into a com-  
pact bundle and put away until frost  
comes again. Dark-green shades  
should replace them, because they  
make the room look cooler. The  
house should be opened very early in  
the morning to get the fresh air; and  
closed before the sun is high. In  
particularly warm weather, sheets  
wrung out of cold water and hung be-  
fore slightly raised windows will cool  
the atmosphere with astonishing rap-  
idity. Even in apartment houses  
there are often balconies either at  
the front or back of the house. These  
can be made into charming outdoor  
rooms if an awning is put overhead  
and boxes fitted along the sides, where  
vines and flowers may be grown. The  
vines should be of quick-growing  
variety which will afford both beauty  
and shade—for instance, the morn-  
ing glory, the moon flower, or the red  
flowering bean.—From June Delin-  
eator.

### The Evening Frolic.

A blithe, ringing step comes up the  
garden walk. A key turns in the latch.  
A cheery voice shouts "Hullo, the  
house!" A sweet face smiles from  
the upper landing, where the wife  
waits to greet her good man. There  
is a rush of pattering feet, pell-mell  
over hall, the sitting-room and stair-  
way. "Father has come home!" cry  
the children. One tugs with her  
dimpled hands at his coat; another,

puts up a flower-like face for a kiss;  
a third, rummages in the pockets that  
are never empty, for some little treas-  
ure trove from town.

Then father has a frolic with the  
bairns. They play hide-and-seek;  
they scamper up and down; there is  
no end of noise and joyful clamor for  
a cheery space of time, till the moth-  
er calls for quiet, and father himself  
goes away to prepare for supper that  
smells so appetizing, as whiffs of good  
things come from the kitchen.

The home returning of some hus-  
bands is less pleasant than this. Men  
are often too discouraged or too weary  
to frolic with their babies at night.  
Some men are too grumpy, too fault-  
finding, to be pleasant company at  
home. God pity them and their  
wives. For in this short life, the  
best that any of us can hope for is  
that we may have work to do, and do  
it well and bravely, and home to rest  
in when the day's work is done. Our  
home should see the sunny side of our  
soul, not the stormy and frown-  
ing side. "The merry heart goes all  
the way. The sad one tires in a mile  
—ah."—Christian Herald.

### Did not Ask Her Right.

Mr. Fudette is that he over-  
heard a woman lecturing her husband  
as follows:

"Now I'll tell you why I would  
go into the restaurant and have a  
cup of coffee with you while we were  
waiting for the train. I didn't like  
the way you asked me. Not half an  
hour before you said to Mr. Puffer:  
'Come let's get a cigar,' and away you  
went, holding his arm, and not giving  
him a chance to decline.

"When we met John Howdy on our  
way to luncheon you said: 'Just in  
time, John; come, take lunch with  
us.' And then tonight when we had  
to wait an hour for the train, you  
looked at your watch, turned to me  
and said in a questioning way, 'Would

## CHILL WINDS

Are the dread of those whose lungs are  
"weak." Some fortunate people can  
follow the summer as it goes southward,  
and escape the cold blasts of winter and  
the chill airs of spring. But for the  
majority of people this is impossible.

Family cares and  
business obliga-  
tions hold them  
fast.

"Weak" lungs  
are made strong  
by the use of Dr.  
Pierce's Golden  
Medical Discov-  
ery. It cures the  
obstinate cough,  
heals the in-  
flamed tissues,  
stops the hem-  
orrhage, and re-  
stores the lost  
flesh to the em-  
aciated body.

"I am a railroad  
agent," writes I. B.  
Staples, Esq., of  
Barclay, Osage Co.,  
Kans., "and four  
years ago my work  
keeping me in a  
warm room and  
stepping out fre-  
quently into the  
cold air gave me bronchitis, which became  
chronic and deep seated. Doctors failed to  
reach my case and advised me to try a higher  
air, but, fortunately for me, a friend also advised  
me to try Dr. Pierce's medicines. I commenced  
taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and by  
the time I had taken the first bottle I was bet-  
ter, and after taking about four bottles my  
cough was entirely gone. I have found no  
necessity for seeking another climate."

Sometimes a dealer, tempted by the  
little more profit paid on the sale of less  
meritorious medicines, will offer the  
customer a substitute as being "just as  
good" as the "Discovery."

You get the People's Common Sense  
Medical Adviser, the best medical work  
ever published, free by sending stamps,  
to pay expense of mailing only. Send  
21 one-cent stamps for book in paper  
covers, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound vol-  
ume, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



## Write and See

Don't Let Prejudice Keep You From  
Getting Well.

### No Money Is Wanted.

Simply write a postal for the book  
you need. See what I have to say.  
You can't know too much about ways  
to get well.

My way is not less effective be-  
cause I tell you about it. There are  
millions of cases which nothing else  
can cure. How can I reach them save  
by advertising?

I will send with the book also an  
order on your druggist for six bottles  
of Dr. Shoop's Restorative. I will tell  
him to let you test it for a month at  
my risk. If you are satisfied, the cost  
will be \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay  
him myself.

The book will tell you how my  
Restorative strengthens the inside  
nerves. It brings back the power that  
operates the vital organs. My book  
will prove that no other way can  
make those organs strong.

No matter what your doubts. Re-  
member that my method is unknown  
to you, while I spent a lifetime on it.  
Remember that only the cured need  
pay. Won't you write a postal to learn  
what treatment makes such an offer  
possible?

Simply state which  
book you want, and  
address Dr. Shoop,  
Box 515, Racine, Wis.

BOOK NO. 1 ON DYSPEPSIA.  
BOOK NO. 2 ON THE HEART.  
BOOK NO. 3 ON THE KIDNEYS.  
BOOK NO. 4 FOR WOMEN.  
BOOK NO. 5 FOR MEN. (sealed.)  
BOOK NO. 6 ON RHEUMATISM.

Mild cases not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

you like a cup of coffee?' And I did  
want it; I was tired and a little  
hungry, but I would have fainted be-  
fore I would have accepted such an in-  
vitation. And you went away a little  
bit vexed with me and had your coffee  
and bread and butter by yourself, and  
didn't enjoy it very much. In effect  
you said to me, 'If you want a cup of  
coffee, if you really want it, I will  
buy it for you.'

'You are the best husband in the  
world, but do as nearly all the best  
husbands do.

'Why do you men seem to dole  
things to your wives when you fairly  
throw them to the men you know?  
Why didn't you invite me heartily as  
you invite them? Why didn't you say,  
'Come, let's get a little coffee and  
something,' and take me straight  
away with you?

'You wouldn't say to a man, 'Would  
you like me to go and buy you a  
cigar? Then why do you always is-  
sue your little invitations to treats  
in that way to me?

'Indeed, if men would only act  
towards their wives as heartily, cor-  
dially, frankly as they do towards  
the men whom they meet they would  
find cheerier companions at home  
than they do at the club.'—Ex-  
change.

### Orange Peel.

It is a very bad habit to eat orange  
peel. Nor is the juvenile habit of  
eating apples with the peel on to be  
recommended either. Parents who do  
not care as yet to correct these evil  
propensities will perhaps be more in-  
clined to do so when they hear that  
the little black specks which may be  
found on the skins of oranges and  
apples that have been kept some time  
are clusters of fungi, precisely similar  
to those to which whooping-cough is  
attributed. Dr. Tschamer, of Graz,  
who has made the discovery, scraped  
some of these black specks off an  
orange, and introduced them into his  
lungs by a strong inspiration. Next  
day he was troubled with violent tick-  
ling in the throat, which by the end  
of the week had developed into an  
acute attack of whooping-cough.—  
Exchange.